

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY,
LIBRARY

MOUNTAIN ECHOES



Volume 10

February 1961

Number 6

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CENSUS

Feb. 1 — Mar. 1

High number	8236
Low number	4739
Received	24
Discharged	13
Paroled	5
Transferred In	3
Transferred Out	2
Population	420

The MOUNTAIN ECHOES, published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of A.J. MacLeod, Commissioner of Penitentiaries, is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thoughts and actions within the institution.



No articles of scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.



Mountain Echoes



Volume 10

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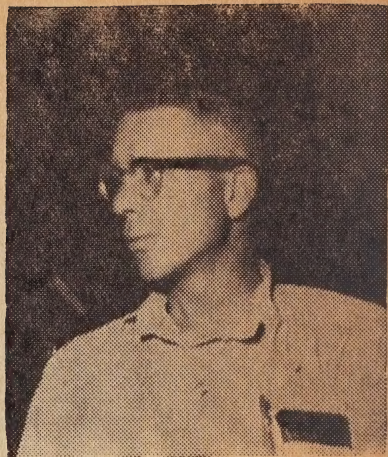
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editorial



Attempting to illustrate to the public the problems that a prisoner encounters upon release from prison, is without a doubt the most difficult task set before the penal press. To a large majority of society, we are strangers, and potentially dangerous strangers at that. Our past actions are questioned, our future actions suspected. Therefore our opinions are irrelevant, our suggestions ignored.

Here then is the opinion of a person widely respected, one Oscar Wilde, the venerable Irish Author, and he says.

"Many men, upon their release carry prison about with them into the air, and hide it in a secret disgrace in their hearts, and at length like poor, poisoned things, creep into some hole and die. It is wretched that they should have to do so, and it is wrong, terribly wrong of society that it should force them to do so. Society takes upon itself the right to inflict appalling punishment on the individual, but it also has the supreme voice of shallowness, and fails to realize what it has done. When a man's punishment is over, it leaves him to himself, that is to say, it abandons him at the very moment its highest duty to him begins. It really is ashamed of its own action, and shuns those whom it has punished, as people shun a creditor whose debt they cannot pay, or one on whom they have inflicted an irreparable wrong. I can claim on my side that if I realized what it has inflicted on me . . . there should be no bitterness or hatred on either side.

The terrible thing about prison is not that it breaks hearts . . . hearts that were not made to be broken . . . but that it turns one's heart to stone."

Although Mr. Wilde refers to conditions as they existed over sixty years ago, they are equally applicable to the situation today.

Meet

Mr. Addict

**A COMPOSITE PROFILE OF SOME OF THE DOPE ADDICTS
IN FEDERAL PRISON AS TOLD TO—JOHN RICHARD MERIT**

The world of illegal activities is at best murky and ill-defined, peopled as it is by now-you-see-it-now-you-don't apparitions. Among the most shadowy of all these figures at the present time is the man who uses dope, the "junkie," the "snow-bird," the addict. He prefers to be left strictly alone, not only due to the way in which many narcotics psychologically affect their users but because of ceaseless hounding by the authorities which leaves him no choice but to remain alertly furtive to protect his secret. He is forced to be sly and cunning to conceal from prying eyes the source of his powder or tablets, the sub rosa "connection." And he always worries about the subtle traps laid by those whose jobs are to seek him out.

The addict is known to the public for the most part, therefore, only through official press releases or other filtered, secondhand media. Thus the people of our nation have been denied by circumstances that intimate insight into the nature of the narcotic taker as a living, breathing, human being which is so vital to an understanding of the entire drug problem.

In an attempt to fill this void, we have conducted dictaphone-recorded interviews with selected former addicts at Atlanta Penitentiary. They were fairly typical of the larger group of inmates surveyed elsewhere in this issue except for having been older (28) than the average at first contact with narcotics, possessing a very much greater average experience (23 years) with dope, and having indicated a preference for dilaudid over other available forms of narcotics.

After first assuring the interviewee of his anonymity, a series of seventeen questions was asked. These questions were designed to bring out pertinent facts which might be overlooked in a completely informal interview session. There was also opportunity afforded each man to express any personal feelings or to inject observations which he thought had a legitimate bearing on the discussion. In one or two instances, an unplanned question was put to the subject in order to further clarify one of his remarks. No rigid format was followed other than the original questions, it being felt that this created a better atmosphere for inquiring into the matter at hand.

Each interview was productive of comment which is considered of interest. Each interview also came up with irrelevant or repetitious information and remarks. In order, therefore, to avoid wandering too far afield or saying the same thing twice, we have taken the liberty of combining the results of these recording sessions and of creating for our readers a "composite addict." While the possibility of distortion in such an approach is obvious, it is hoped that the results nevertheless will justify the effort.

Most of the remarks are not prefaced with the corresponding questions as they are self-explanatory. Where the question was thought necessary in order for the reply to be understood, it has been inserted, or pertinent comment was added in its place.

BACKGROUND

"... when I was a small boy ... about nine years old, my father died ... I was one of five children ... I had a rough way to go all my life ... When I was about fourteen my mother married again. I was the oldest boy and I thought I should be the boss. I left home ... and ran away with a carnival."

LIVELIHOOD

"For a number of years ... I had been a carnival concessionaire. (Then) I was in the men's clothing business. I had my own business ... because of conditions it failed kind of sudden ..."

THE FIRST EXPERIENCE

"I had been on alcohol for, I'd say, two years ... I was hitting it pretty heavy ... and I got acquainted with a girl that was on narcotics ... she was a 'pusher' ... I was sick up in her apartment. She says, 'I think I got something that'll straighten you up' ... so I tried it and I really liked it ... better than I did the alcohol, so I changed from alcohol to narcotics ... been an addict ever since."

THE SOURCE

(The majority of addicts probably procure their narcotic through underworld connections or "pushers." Some may get it by burglarizing drug stores. A considerable number, however, get drugs by legal prescription from or by an arrangement with a pharmacist who will sell to them.)

"Lots of doctors have sympathy for drug addicts. they know they're sick and know they need the medicine. I had one particular doctor would write me three times a week for a hundred tablets, and been doing that for a period of about three or four years.

"Then I had a ... drugstore ... I was getting 1000 tablets a week off of him.

When trying to get a prescription from a strange doctor, what do you tell him which convinces him you should have narcotics?

"Well, you have to tell him ... uh ... give him some symptoms ... that you've got gallstones, cancer of the rectum ... if he goes along with you, he'll give you a prescription."

EFFECTS ON THE USER

"... it takes your mind off your worries ... you don't worry about anything at all. You have no pain ... and, uh, I don't know, it just puts you in a world ... all by yourself. I want to get off by myself and lay in a bed and read and smoke and ... 'just shoot' that's all ... about every three hours.

"... by the way, if you have a bad cold, it's the best cure in the world. It'll cure it in three minutes!

"It makes everything all right. Relaxes you. Go ahead and do your work ... don't bother nobody ... I work all the time ... drug addicts don't rape nobody; they don't run over nobody like a damn drunk does.

"It don't affect your work at all ..."

COLD TURKEY WITHDRAWAL

"It's as horrible as you want it to be ... I had a one hundred half-grain tablet a day habit ... if you're a pig on narcotics' you'll shoot all you can get, and I'm a pig. I kicked (the habit) cold turkey in ——— jail. I didn't have any help whatsoever. A few times I wished I'd go ahead and die and have it over with, no doubt about that, 'cause a man's really in a world of suffering, kicking the habit. About

fifteen days before I ever started eating . . . drank milk down white and it come up green.

"There's no way words could explain the misery that you go through . . . the pain, just like every pore in your body is in a vice, squeezing it."

IF DRUGS WERE LEGAL

"If drugs were legal . . . I would never have had to run out here and go from town to town . . . doing petty larceny . . . in order to get narcotics.

"If I was where I could go to my drug store and get . . . a certain amount a day, I could hold a job same as anybody else.

"I can get enough to supply me for a whole week . . . (with a prescription from a doctor) for a few dollars . . . in the underworld it'd cost you \$500.00."

THE ADDICT AND THE LAW

"They told me that, if I would sign a statement against this doctor who gave me this stuff, they'd turn me loose, give me \$800.00 and not make a case against me.

"Right here (pointing to forehead) are sixteen stitches where they hit me with a blackjack . . . 'cause I wouldn't sign a statement.

"They told me they was going to give me twenty years if I didn't do this . . . and I told them if I got twenty years I'd just have to go on and do it because I was too old now to turn informer.

" . . . Oh, I've been slapped around several times . . . because they'd pick me up, shake me down and I didn't have nothing on me . . .

"They'll frame you from every angle . . . believe me, they'll do that . . . they'll do anything . . . to make a case on you."

AFTER THE CURE, WHAT?

"From (a large institution) I was, I think, about a hour and a half getting to Kansas City, and about thirty minutes after I was in Kansas City I was on dope again . . . just as fast as I could get it."

RETROSPECT

"Misery loves company You like to be around other people that use narcotics because they understand you . . .

"Drug addicts are sick people, they're not criminals."

What do you think is wrong with them?

"Well, it's . . . it's a mental sickness.

"I've been to (a large narcotic hospital) four times . . . naturally you would think that would make me say 'well, hell, I don't want to ever fool with no more narcotics' (sigh) but it don't."

THE NARCOTIC CONTROL ACT

This piece of 1956 legislation positively denies either probation or parole for those convicted of selling drugs.

The new law also allows alien offenders to be deported, permits agents of the Bureau of Narcotics to carry firearms, outlaws heroin completely except for scientific use, and provides immunity from prosecution for witnesses testifying in Narcotic cases. — ATLANTIAN

Party



Line

TO SNIP OR NOT TO SNIP — During the second World War you'll recall, women caught collaborating with the enemy were subjected to a rather unique ritual; it was called "the scissors" — or briefly, the "off mit da hair" routine. Anyway, the idea seems to have caught on in here — or is my information wrong **Johnny Mathewson** ?? . Seems we harangued the Dept. of Justice a bit prematurely, a few promises actually have achieved substance . . . We could say that **Spike Watcher** was another Doug



Harvey but let's face it—he ain't ! . . . **Louie Male**'s serenity was not only jarred a few weeks back, but his "copper" pretty well shaken up as well . . . The ceiling of the central Dome, rumour has it, is about as "stable" as a wino on a Sunday



morning; and since said property is an integral part of the institution and hardly in a position to holler "timber" if and when it decides to go into a "walls of Jericho" act, we'd recommend a wary eye—or an extremely hard head . . . Mountaineers will refrain from practicing the Hindu rope trick when in the vicinity of the prison walls. (Nope, not an order, simply stolen from the Presidio!) Paroles—at least the jack-rabbit variety—are becoming harder and harder to obtain. Or haven't you noticed ? . . . Don't know who supervised

the chapel job but man, ain't it a mess ! . . . The years have wrought vast changes it seems and veterans of the "old regime" are still appalled by a few of them.

Jackpine (a charter member of the old school) recalls the days when "street-cars" were used to transport prisoners here. And knowing Jack, it wouldn't surprise us if his "first trip" here had been made by stagecoach . . .

Contrary to popular opinion, the door to freedom is 'always' ajar, but we ask you—who wants to argue with a 303 rifle . . .

Fellow next door received a letter from an old buddy of his recently. Wrote the buddy, "... suit fit's fine, but man — she sure is hard to get along with!" Now what do you suppose he meant by that ? . . . It's amazing what a course in **DALE CARNEGIE** does for the vocal chords, local graduates haven't closed their mouths' since the course began . . .

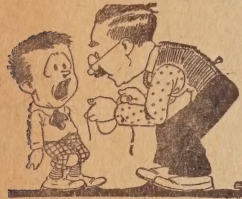
Kenny Bevan may not be the prettiest nurse around, but let's face it maties—he's the "only" one we got ! . . . **Paul Severight** seems to be keeping under close





wraps these days, what's the stall, Paul? . . . If there's a more likable old cuss in the joint than **Chelse** — we ain't met him! . . . A few weeks back, **Big Monty** issued a warning—something about rearranging my profile if his name ever appeared in *Party Line*. Well Monty, we could do with a face-lifting—so!! Kudos to columnist, **Gene Telpner**, the genial genius of *Coffee Break*, for the much needed 'plug'—now if you could just send us a file!?

No doubt about it fellows, **Frankie Lexier** is the best dressed con in the joint . . . Recently, some degenerate on M-5 sliced a few "torrid pages" out of a much-sought-after-skin-book, then sneaky-like, slipped the book to an unsuspecting neighbor. Well it started a chain reaction, it seems, for as the book progressed further along the line, it kept getting thinner and thinner as each con sliced out "his" particular niche. Don't know where or how much is left but we understand



Mike Kohut wound up with the cover. (Tough luck Mike, if it'll make you feel any better I'll send you up a copy of my latest *Bugs Bunny*!) Cons come in all sizes—tall, short, fat, skinny, and then there's this **Dave McLennen** . . . Tailor Shop statistics reveal some startling information, for instance: the waist measurement of S.M.P. guards average

a portly 36 while the "same" measurement for cons dips to a trim 32 (ahem). Another eye-raising item (though less startling) is that "uniforms" (cons don't wear 'em) reveal a distinct tendency to wear faster in the trousers—particularly in the region of the seat. (Wouldn't you know it!) Lotsa complaints about the new discharge suits, seems they come in only one size—**LARGE** . . . **Reiley** wants a bit of publicity, shall we say something nice about you Rile or will the "truth" do? . . . They say the camera never lies and after glimpsing the mug shots in this month's *Echoes*, were forced to go along with the theory. (But cheer up fellows, we still loves ya!) **Rollie Evans** would like nothing better than to convince pals that he's suffering from arthritis but don't be taken in guys, it's simply a case of *rigor mortis* setting in a bit prematurely . . . Relax **Roger**, an 18 inch Viking is only a TV set . . . Understand we have a pair of nylon "trousers" floating about the joint, now if



we could just come up with the owner?! . . . Those hard seats in the vicinity of the "small screen" don't seem to contribute much in the way of comfort. **Frenchy Guilbault** say he's developed a callous; and with the foundation he's got, that could run into a "lotta callous" . . . Better get a patent on that invention of yours **Ken Leishman**—lotta theives in here . . . **Carl Storry** seems to have drawn the wrath of a few guards. And *all* because of a "watch". Seems Carl's time-piece didn't coincide with their's, particularly in regard to just what time the lock-up bell should be sounded. Carl contends—along with 400 others—that the bell should be rung at 9:30 (as per rules) and NOT at 9:25 as a few "I want to get home early" guards

would prefer. (We're wit cha Carl baby!) . . . Then there's our old pal **Christmas Brown**, only "cat" in the joint who get's a Dear John 'three times a week' and still smiles . . .



BIG

DAVE

Bob Horan

The rain began about midnight and by 7:30 the track was a mud morass. The boys around our stable were pretty upset about the track's condition but Son of David was about as unconcerned as a midway barker when he has a dissatisfied customer. He stood at the head of his stall enjoying the breakfast of rolled oats.

Nothing seemed to worry Davie. He was a big three year old with an air of self-confidence that all the stable hands admired. Everyone, including old Charlie, was fond of Big Dave. He didn't have any famous blood in him, but what he lacked in breeding was compensated for in heart.

The last time Big Dave lost a race he was a two year old. On that day the track was pretty much the same as it was today and the memory of it was all too clear. I think we were all remembering how he stumbled on the break, and finished limping away behind the pack — but we didn't dare talk about it.

Dave hadn't been on the track for a week. Old Charlie had found he ran best with a week off and a light work-out the morning of the race. However, with the track so sticky, Charlie decided to dispense with the work-out. He threw two blankets over Dave and gave him to me.

As we were walking around the barn the boss drove up and went over to talk with Charlie. He had a pretty worried look on his face and I detected it right away. I tried to imitate him, but Big Dave would have no part of it.

Before the walk was over I was on the verge of screaming, "You stupid beast! Can't you get it through your thick skull, you're running for a big purse today and you're acting like it's nothing? What's the matter with you anyway?"

After the walk I went over to the cafeteria for my morning coffee. My spirits were somewhat low when I arrived and before I left were even worse. The morning gossip was going strong and I couldn't help overhearing some of it.

"How do you like Son of David today?"

"Pretty fair nag on a dry track, but he ain't nuttin' in mud. I like Red Knight there."

"Yeah! I think you've got a winner."

When I arrived back at the barn Dave greeted me with that silly grin of his. Suddenly I broke out laughing.

By the time post time arrived, I was a lot more cheerful, and I found a fair amount of contentment in knowing that no matter what position Davie finished, you'd have to give him a big "A" for effort. Somehow, winning didn't seem so important to me anymore.

As the field paraded in front of the grandstand, Davie held his head up high. He was parading with some of the greatest horse-flesh in the country and he didn't seem one bit disturbed about it. He sank to his ankles with every step, and although he was a little annoyed about it, I think he was more concerned about the tote board. He kept glancing that way anyways. He was a 10 to 1 shot, and I don't think he liked that too much.

When they reached the gate, Davie went in without a backward glance. Ironie gave a little struggle, but soon everything was under control.

"They're at the post! They're off!" The loudspeaker blared.

Big Dave broke slow and as they passed the stands for the first time he was coasting about 12 lengths back and losing a bit of ground. My heart sank, but not for long. Any ground he lost on the break was regained on the backstretch, and as they entered the turn for home he was running second, half a length back of Red Knight. How he gained that much ground was puzzling to everyone in the stands.

The jock was just on for the ride. He gave Dave his head and hung on. They pounded into the stretch for home with Red Knight out front by a half. The rest of the field was far back. I think Ironie was running third, but I was too busy watching the struggle for the lead to be certain.

Big Dave was galloping strenuously to keep up with Red Knight. Each stride seemed to take more effort than the one before but he ploughed on — never giving an inch. As they approached the wire every muscle in his massive body was straining. He nosed under a neck in front.

I jumped about happily and cheered until my lungs were ready to bust. As Big Dave galloped back towards the winners circle, I pushed my way through the crowd. I was anxious to get over and congratulate the big fellow. No, that's not quite true. I wanted to bask in his glory as I led him from the circle to the barn.

Rawalpini, Pakistan.—The police have arrested the run-away wife of 80-year-old Khawa Nur Mohamad on the charge that she made off with the family jewels. Nur Mohamad was the 27th. man to make such a complaint. The other 26 were his wife's previous husbands.

THE SPECTATOR:

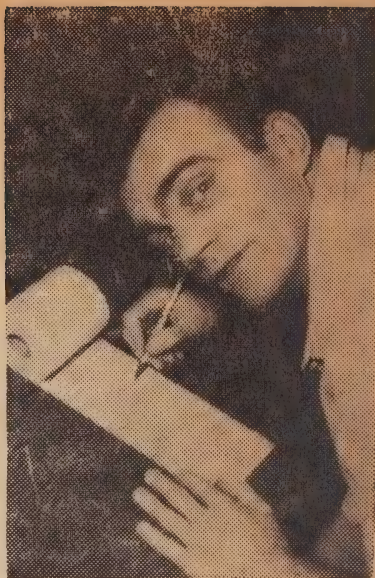
Dear

Editor

Somebuddy jest tol' me as how you're gonna put a pitcher of my hansom' kisser on top of my letters from now on. Thet, I'll sell them Echoes like they wuz hotcakes, Huh? Careful tho, man' careful. 'cause the next thing you'll be needin' is a gal stenograffer to send out all the prescripshuns.

How 'bout thet Square John guy? Exposin' my hole card in thet last issue. An' did ya see thet? He ain't happy puttin' jest the finger on a guy. He's gotta use the HOLE HAND! An' ya know the sad part of it, Mr. Editor? I wuz thinkin' thet I wuz the worst off guy in these here parts ever since Brandin' Annie gypped me into sayin' "Okey" at the alter. Now I ain't so sure: Jest imagin' what Momma Brown's gotta put up with, Huh? Oh justice! God Bless her. . . .

Ya know what pardner? I wuz snoopin' 'round some offices thet other day, makin' like I wuz one of them there Defective guys from the city police an' I sees as how thet far western penitentiary, out there by thet pasific oshun, had to make three (3) "Discharge Suits" fer the same inmate guy here-from the same measurements yet-before the MEN here got one thet could fit the guy, an' they could stan' to see him goin' out in! An' the last one of them "suits" cum here by AIR MAIL!, honest to God. (An PLEASE Mr. Editor, don't fergit to put them liddle marks " " befor an' after the "suits" jest like I duz, Huh? 'Cause I want ever-buddy to know thet it's THEM' an' NOT ME, thet got the moscow nerve to call them things "suits.") Like I sez, I been snoopin'. An' I wuz lookin' at them there "suits". An' ya know what? Them there "suits" look so gawsh darn awful much like them container things the farmers on Prince Edward Island put produce in, thet somebuddy out there (at the west coast yet) marks them: "INSPECTED No. 2". An' I'm willin' to drop dead rite now if it ain't true!! Now, I'm gonna tell ya somethin'. Okay? Okay. I'm gonna be gittin' into one of them there "suits" cum next June. (Hurry up June, fer gawsh awful sakes, hurry up!) Now, where wuz I? Oh yeah! Cum June the 16, Mrs Sam's liddle boy, Slipshod is gonna sign fer his saddle an' skiddadil out of this joint. (An' holy justice, I'm countin' them "copper days" I lost, fer my conduct thing goen' haywire.) An' if thet Deaf Guverment guy in Ottawa thinks he's gonna git me into one of them there INSPECTED No. 2" things like has been cumin' here up to now-well then, he better shake his head agin', an' agin'. Me? I'll go out in jest my saddle first! Only thing thet I got agin' THET is thet I has enuff trouble keepin' all of them there girls away when I got EVERYTHING on. Oh! me. . . .



See ya 'round pardner,
Slipshod Sam.

The

FORGOTTEN

Element!

The need to belong is very important and it has been observed that a family can have a very constructive and reformative bearing on the inmate —Ed.

A Former Inmate

The negligible amount of time and effort spent on keeping the married prisoner and his family as a unit during his imprisonment, and the inadequate facilities governing *family relations* in our prisons, has long been a thorn in the craw of progress. Until quite recently, I had supposed that the reason so little has been attempted in this direction was simply because the number of family men in our prisons was not large enough to warrant any organized program of *family relations*.

Since then, however, I have had access to some statistics. It was with much surprise that I learned of the large number of men in Canadian penal institutions who are married and fathers of a family.

I do not profess to have read every piece of literature written on criminal reform, but I certainly have read everything within my limited reach, and in only one instance have I seen any mention made in respect to utilizing the family influences as a tool in the hands of those who would rehabilitate the criminal.

Can it be that in all the talk of reform and modern, progressive methods of rehabilitation, that the most potent force, at least where the family man is concerned, has been deliberately ignored? I would rather think it has been overlooked.

To deny that the wife and family of the prisoner could be a very potent ally on the side of the would-be reformer would show scant knowledge indeed, of criminality. For, as has often been said, a prisoner is an ordinary person, in most cases, who has for one reason or another, stepped from the conventional path. This does not necessarily make him less human, nor does it, in the case of the family man necessarily mean that he is void of paternal love toward his family.

True, there are always those smug, understanding souls who look down from their lofty heights and say: "Bosh! If you really thought anything of your family, you wouldn't get into trouble."

To them, I too, say Bosh! For if they had any understanding of their fellow-men, they would look a little deeper than the deep.

The almost complete severance of family and domestic ties during the months

or years of a man's imprisonment inevitably have far reaching and often drastic results, both for the prisoner himself, and for the innocent members of his family. For example: a man who is imprisoned for a term of two or three years finds himself faced with the impossible task of trying to maintain his position as father and head of the family, while at the same time he is required to make the adjustment to the life of the convict. He soon becomes reconciled to the idea that he must forego his position as father and family head in favor of his role of convict.

This unhappy choice is necessitated by the very remoteness of himself to the problems of his family. Were he permitted closer and more personal contact with his family, and allowed to take some active part in these problems as they arise—even so small a part as being able to discuss them and possibly arrive at some solution, in an atmosphere conducive to free and easy discussion—it would make all the difference in the world in his attitude toward his own rehabilitation.

If we believe that there is a sincere desire on the reformist to do whatever is reasonably possible to assist the criminal reform, then we must also believe that the importance of the "potentially" powerful influence of the family has merely been overlooked.

I say "potentially" powerful influence because, up to now, that is all it has been. It has never been permitted to come into play. Not to any useful degree, at any rate. The two half-hour visits allowed the prisoner each month is by way of a privilege, and is not looked upon as a type of therapy vital to his rehabilitation. If it were, I am sure the restriction governing this would have been one of the first issues considered in the New Deal. I don't think it would serve any purpose to recite any particular case, although I see many each day. Suffice to say that all concerned must be aware of the possible permanent damage to the family in cases where some little misunderstanding, too personal to be discussed before a third party, is allowed to fester and grow out of all proportion, or perhaps a little more than the usual, "I'll never do it again," is needed to ensure the future unity of the family.

It seems to me that in a program as big as this rehabilitation thing now under way, some consideration would be given to the plight of the men who, having been given a prison term as just retribution for his misdeed, stands a fairly good chance of losing his family—harsh retribution, indeed—simply because the existing regulations, in their rigidity, does not afford proper or reasonable relations between man and wife.

It is all well and good to sit back and say, "Should'a thought of that before ya did what ya did." as I've often been told, but this is the age of rehabilitation, remember?





'NEATH THE SPREADING ATROPHY

Visited a snowshoe factory recently. It's a little early to tell, but I don't think General Motors has much to worry about.

At the present time, the factory is operating on one Indian-power, namely *PETE KIJICK*. Nice guy Pete. He speaks English about the same way I speak Chippewa, but he puts a lot into a look. The only person I ever knew that could smile with his whole face.

Can't think of a good way to describe these snowshoes. Mostly, the framework is just two big curved and twisted wooden shafts, but try to visualize the off-leg of a fox-terrier as he passes near a tree and you've just about got the shape of one of these shafts.

The true Indian snowshoe, I was told, is strung with elk or moosehide. In as much as Pete's present environment imposes certain limitations, his slush slippers have more moo than moose. Pete probably has different ideas about the type of wood that's available too, but one thing I noticed, the workmanship is genuine.



Hughie started to tell me about the champion he once put away in three rounds. Now, I have always thought of Hughie as more of a sugar *daddy* than a Sugar Ray, so I asked curiously. "Look, Champ, Tiger, Hugh old chap, just what kind of champion ever climbed into the ring with a wild, ferocious beast like yourself?" "What kinda champion, huh?" grinned Hughie, "Rocky Marciano! That's what kind." One of us, it would appear, needed his head read. The thought was upon me that perhaps the Selkirk Pick-up and Delivery Service would be interested, when Hughie gave me the facts. Marciano *refereed* a bout in which Long the Strong did in fact beat some sort of Army champion in the under weight, or some such class.

I Don't Know

Her Address

Slipshod Sam

I wrote a letter to my girl,
I wrote it oh so clear.
I told her how I care fer her,
An' wish thet she wuz near.
I signed, sealed an' stamped it,
But I'll not mail it, I guess,
'Cause there's no destinashun—
I don't know her address.
She's the sweetest little thing;
Her eyes are big an' blue;
Her cheeks are red an' rosy;
Her heart is big an' true.
To match her personality
There's beauty unsurpassed.
There's only one thing wrong with her:
I don't know her address.
How I'd love to hold her,
An' tell her how I feel.
To have her step into my life,
An' make all my dreams real.
Man! jest to knock upon a door
An' meet this little Miss,
'Twould make my heart so happy—
But I don't know her address
I see her every single nite—
Thet's when I'm asleep.
She's on my mind all day long—
Thet's seven days a week.
“What holds me back from findin' her?”
“What all my trouble is?”
So far she's jest my dream—girl,
I don't know her address.



WHAT IS YOUR PRICE???

J. Wannop

In this material age it would appear that every man has a price for which he is willing to sell his principles or conscience, depending on whether his standards are ethical or moral. Our governments, law enforcement agencies, even the church and schools have become victims of men who can be bought.

Our psychologist assures us that "Everyone has a point where the temptation of great reward, or loot, as the materialists call it, overwhelms reason, and rationalization begins."

What we fail to comprehend in the foregoing is not that this is true but that it is a relative truism. For the point-of-no-return is not some great sum of lofty temptation but is indeed, the first contradiction to either our ethical or moral standards that we have already faced. The scale has been made! Indeed, this price paid for selling your values was so small that you scarcely remember it, for it coincides with the value you placed on your "Self" at the time of the sale.

We laugh at the tale of the man who sold his soul to the Devil for eternal youth (an age of foolishness drawing comment from the great G.B. Shaw with, "What a shame to waste youth on young people"). Our modern version of Faust is with us all, day in day out, by the selling of the "Self" for cheap thrills, emotional indulgences and worthless mental baubles and spiritual (ugh) pie-in-the-sky.

A great master once said: "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world at the expense of his soul?" There is a misconception on the part of his latter day followers that this man had his price as well — that Judas sold him for thirty pieces of silver.

We may do well to remember, who sold whom, in this instance, Judas did not sell his "Christ" for thirty pieces of silver; he sold himself.

FROM UNDER BROWN'S DERBY

John the Square



Stock Market Report: Tobacco—slight drop holding at .23, predict a further drop to .21. Stamps up. Paper and Envelopes starting to move. All other commodities falling sharply... Women have invaded all fields. The big 3 use foxy models to push their new cars, but I have yet to see or hear of car saleswomen. They might make it “under a roof,” but it’s doubtful if they’d be a success in the “open” (used car lot) I think this medium would prove too rough to the ‘fair sex.’ So far they’re stuck in the offices, and the odd ones up on flag poles... Read a piece where the author was bemoaning the change in the “Ma & Pa Joints.” (Motels 2 U.) Seems they’ve gotten too fancy and too respectable. I think the biggest loss in the past decade has been those little booths in record stores, where you played a record before you bought it. Today, with the advent of LP’s, you don’t even see the ‘side’ until you reach for your ‘leather;’ all they show you is the fancy jacket. Not only that, but you have to go for a ‘fin’ against an LP which contains, perhaps, only one number out of possibly 8 or 10 which ‘moves’ you, but you are ‘hung’ with the ‘draggy’ 7 or 9. Then there was the romantic aspect of those little rooms: ah the chicks I have met in record booths!... You can now buy what you want in pocket books. **They can be sent in too; but they must be mailed by the book store or druggist, DIRECT!** Rules permit a minimum of five (5) & a maximum of ten (10)... I mention no names, but I heard that, that fugitive from Stampede Motors (very well known used-car pirate) wife “put him down” recently. Anyone know if she took off with his like-new Corvair?... Big City Blues; Cold day: four trolley busses sitting at Portage & Fort (front of old Post Office) you run like a gazelle to the business end of each and every one of them, to find that not one of them is yours. “Oh dad-rat that transit Tom! Why can’t he stick a designation sign on the last-end of his busses?”... Big hassle Downtown: His Honor won’t approve ‘stool pigeon’ budget; top cop threatening resignation. Smart money betting Chief has his way... Can’t resist this. to Phil Goodman; What d’ya hear from 1155? ‘Shvatza’... Always when I’m hurrying down Yonge, or along Portage, or out Granville, or up St. Catherines, somebody tries to give or sell me (I know not which) a copy of the *Whatchtower*. O.K. I’m short on religion, but long on time; so where are you?... Get this—During W.W. 2 the ‘Peg had a local boy prove to be a hero, and was awarded the Victoria Cross.

One Andrew Mynarski. After the war was over, a new school was built in Wpg's north end; ah, but whom to name it after? Somebody suggested Andy Mynarski. After a shocked silence, the school board nixed the proposal, because (you should pardon the expression) "It wasn't practical." Recently, there has been a move underway to rename McGregor St., which runs smack dab through Wpg's north end, in which live 90% of Winnipeg's Ukrainian citizens, to honor the centennial of the venerable Ukrainian Poet, Taras Ychenko. This move has rapidly become a political hot potato because some people consider it "unpractical." Being a north ender, and knowing it's residents as I do, I fully expect to hit the street next year and walk along Taras Ychenko Blvd., (formerly McGregor St.) By the way, the High school I mentioned? What do you think they named it? Andrew Mynarski. Nasht i Luda!... Now I've heard it all! I mention no names, but a certain very 'down' kitty in the laundry treated all and sundry to his Nescafe free for a couple of months, and got them all "wired" for it. Lately, he's cut them all off, and is 'pushing' it, 3 caps for a bale... A few Wardens ago, I heard a Warden say: "The biggest waste in this prison is bread. If I could think of a solution to this problem the savings made could be spent elsewhere in the inmates diet."—Memo to Mr. W.F. Johnstone: How about putting raisins in the bread?... In's 'n Out's: Pete Roski's goona shake that fin here... Kenny Dawson made a switch to Joyville.. Good luck Old Buddy, 'n say hello to Jerry Parr for me... Bill Smith pulling in from T.O. with one of those mean fins... Donny Benstead copped a 'jocker' so you better start writing too, Al Pigeon... Got your message mayor, why'nt you come home? Leishman says all is forgiven. Vince says to Dizzy Hunt, ixnay! It's too good here. Your end?... Valentine Love 'n kisses 'n all that Jazz: To; Lois H. from Cliff... Marge A. & Nancy M. from the mob... Maureen M. from Bill... Dodie at Ft. Wm. from Ron... Bertha McGuire from her Mike... Kathy Odger from Ray, Nick, & Joe... Alice W. from Phil... Donna from Tom... Elva from Ken... Marge R. from Ken... Gail from Vince... Mom from Don H... Beverly from Butch Crawley... Randi 'n Stretch from the E mob... Helen from Harry... Alice from Weary Willie... Lou from Hugh... Carol from Dave... Geri, Yosh Anita, Pat, Margoe, and Rosie from me... Dolores from Jimmy... Just plain Hi's to; Gord Blackwell, from The Brothers George... Ron Dolson from Art... Cy & Joy, don't I rate an answer?... Memo to Jim Brand at P.A. I shall expect a retraction in your next issue. I've known your Mayor for about 100 years, and his vocabulary has never consisted of more than 50 words, *tops!* Therefore, his eloquence in the Jan/Feb. issue, **must** be explained... Pick up on this! Shortly before the current warm spell, Harry the Horse and Hop Davis won a draw curling, and so far this has been their only game. So now that El Sol has put the kybosh on the curling rink, they have challenged not only all local curlers, but those anywhere in the world who wish to compete with them... Query to Sawbuck Lou; Is that Louis St. Louis the 84 Winchester St. kitty? Also, where at's Jerry Henning? 'n how did Buster Lowe make out?... Sure would dig to read *Butterfield 8* & *The Chapman Report* and I'd even cut them in on *Strangers When We Meet*, which is pretty far out too... Our Editor's Mamacita is in the hospital, so a get well wish comes from the entire M.E. staff... The Yank has left the M.E. and in his stead we are proud to announce the acquisition of Joltin' Joe Hayden who also becomes the youngest of the Echo mob... Vera and Eugene Simoneau, are proud to announce the birth of a son, Doyle Eugene, Feb. 7th. '61... Didja know that

when not officiating at WIFU football games, ref Paul Dojack is a prison guard?... Randi's Corner: Don, Sept. 8th. Rocky, Jan. 9th. Me, Aug. 24th. Jolting Joe Aug. 31st. know your's how about Stretch? Crazy? Memo to 'Gaps' Richie; the N mob send a God Bless and are very happy for you... Memo to Mrs G.M. When someone is 'way out of sight, it means that they're the **most!** I refer you to the Sept. issue... To John Boychuck at P.A, It's very Good here. C'mon down! and to Jack Collins at the same address, Howz things down south? Pete Roski... The following are Letters delivered to me in roundabout ways:

To the Editor;

Recently a smart-alec writer (?) of yours has called me a liar, an imposter, and a charlatan. He has even had the audacity to have me spied upon, and followed during the past few months.

Gentlemen, the facts are simple. My name is Jarvis Dundas. My uncle Norm has a dog which he named One Spot, when it was but a pup. My father's name is George, and further sirs, my mother's name is Elizabeth, and I have never been east of Winnipeg in my entire life.

I hope you will consider my plight and print this letter, as it should remove all doubt from the feeble mind of one of your less-talented writers, and of course will positively remove all blight connected with the names; George Dundas, Elizabeth Dundas, my uncle Norm Pembroke, and his affectionate pet, One Spot.

Thank you Sincerely,

Jarvis Dundas.

Dear J.D.

I see your point, recognize its partial validity, and register your objection. However, I am unconvinced, and will remain so until documented proof is produced to substantiate your fantastic claims.

L7.

The following note is addressed to Dizzy Hunt of P.A., a gentleman whom I have never met, but seeing as the note concerns me, and as he is a friend of friends, I print it.

The scribbler of this column once overheard a perfume salesgirl in Vancouver say Channel 5 and he's convinced she was a TV critic; even Florence Chadwick knows that Vancouver's got 7 channels, not counting Burrard Inlet.

Signed: Bob (Slivers) Talbot; Al (Crusher) Phillips; Vince (Last Time!) Marrese.

Gentleman: I repeat to you the answer I gave Jarvis Dundas. I will remain unconvinced until documented proof is submitted to substantiate your claims. I still maintain that up until New Years Day 1960 T.V reception in that city consisted of five (5) channels, excluding Burrard Inlet. Tommy Girdle supports my argument.

The Square & Tom Girdle.

In the St. Cloud Minn. Pillar, there is a column "Confidences of a con" written by Mac 22951., he says; "If I were on the street right now I would go into my favorite tavern, act a little drunk, then ask the bookie what odds he would give if I were to bet that a Negro would be President of France within 90 days. I am sure he would think I was stir happy, and would give me the maximum 20 to 1. I think I would win... Here's why.

(continued on page 20)

Glancing through the Penal Press

SHADOWS:

In Springfield, Missouri, an indignant wife, suing for divorce, charged that her husband, a TV engineer, having decided that four hours sleep was enough, wired their bed with an electric 'shocking' device to enforce his demands for punctuality.

Captain Edam Lunds, Warden of Auburn prison in New York, said in 1825, "It is the duty of the convicts to preserve an unbroken silence. They are not to exchange a word under any pretence whatever, not to communicate any intelligence to each other in writing. They are not to exchange looks, winks, laugh, or motion to each other. They must not sing, whistle, dance, run, jump, or do anything which has a tendency to disturb or contravine the rules and regulations of the prison," (Ed. note: Please breathe softly.)

THE SPECTATOR:

Topeka' Kan.—Police are looking for a California man they think stole his own car.

The car was taken from a local service station at night after a window was forced near the garage door.

The service station attendant told police \$500, worth of engine work on the car had just been completed.

Oxford, Ohio—Patrons of a local theater were forced to sit through two evening performances with their coats on recently when the heating system broke down. The movie: "Ice Palace"

THE POINTER-VIA-ENCHANTED NEWS:

Fools and Fools

I think that I shall never see,
The pack of smokes I gave to thee.
A pack that I could well have spent,
For varied forms of merriment,
The pack I loaned to you so gladly,
Is now the one I need so badly;
For whose return I had great hope,
Just like an optimistic dope.
But packs one loans.....
to fools like thee.
Are not returned to fools like me.

Pres. DeGaulle is a proud, unpredictable arrogant man. If his present difficulties in Algeria are not settled to his complete satisfaction, he will probably say to H... with it and resign. Or, as he is quite advanced in age, he may die.. Or, as they are pretty excited over there, some Frenchy full of Calvados, or a Moslem full of weed, may knock him off. Many things could happen to him. If anything does, the man who will replace him will be the President of the French Senate. The present holder of this seat is Gaston Monerville, a 64 year old Negro from French Guiana. I think it an even money wager that old Gas will make it. My overseas informants tell me that if he does, his first law will prohibit visiting U.S. Congressmen, from the Deep South, from using the public restrooms in France."

The following poem was given to me by Bob Clint, and I dedicate it to my Mother, Bob's Mother, and all the Mothers who read this.

A Son's Debt to His Mother. by Joseph Pelletier.

She will never forsake you, whatever you do,
 When you are down in the gutter, she will kneel beside you.
 When you're covered with shame, she will stand by your side,
 And the hurt in her heart, she'll always hide.
 She will stick to you lad, though you lose every test,
 So the least you can do is give her your best.
 All others may quit you, and mock at your fall,
 But your Mother, undaunted, will come at your call.
 She will follow you down, to the deep depths of sin,
 She will love you and nurse you, through thick and through thin.
 And although she may suffer through what you have done,
 She will never forget or desert you my Son.
 So long as she loves you, you are sure of a friend,
 On whom at all times you may safely depend.
 You may wound her by sinning, or hurt her by shame,
 Should you fail to be true, she will love you the same.
 So remember my lad as you live in life's test,
 That you owe to your Mother, the finest and best.

If there are truer words than these, please don't keep them secret... I see that Slipshod Sim, (the Sim being short for Simpleton.) wants to play with words. A little known fact concerning this dolt. You recall no doubt, the tale about the little Dutch boy? During the 1950 holocaust, Jack Chisholm stuck his head in a hole in the Norwood dike, and saved that Municipality from disaster. Small wonder his brain refuses to function. He's been waterlogged ever since!.. An' thanx to Gene Telpner of the Free Press for the Echoes plug... Thanx also to my Vancouver correspondent, Mrs Pat Scott, who reports that right now Vanc. gets 6 channels 2-8 Van. 6 Victoria. 4-5 Seattle. 12 Bellingham. This is the ungarbled, last word on the subject... By the way; Joe Hayden doesn't appreciate being called **Shoeless Joe**; so "six! shhh....." Later? L7..

S P O R T S

HOCKEY

"Dreamy" Miller

Goals are being scored by the bushel, penalties galore, sticks broken, tempers flaring, end to end rushes, spectacular plays, fans jeering and cheering, and last but not least, Blind Referees'. Now in my book, this is the making of a real bang-up Hockey Season, After battling tooth and nail this past month, the Gladiators and their Coaches are very quickly coming into their own, and the Big Prize being the Top Spot in the five Team Standing. In the past couple of weeks it has become more and more apparent that from the five teams competing in the S. M. H. A. league, the top three clubs are going to battle it right down to the wire for the coveted award and laurels. Each team relying of course on their super stars and personnel to make things much more difficult for their opponents to gain that valuable 2 points at their expense. From the opening whistle at the start of the season, **Reiley's Raiders**, and **Huppe's Royals** have been running one, two, for the league leadership, with the **Raiders** getting the jump by taking their first three encounters, and holding down the lead. At this point, for the first time in the history of the S.M.H.A. league, a team from outside the big enclosure entered into the league, and made life just a little more miserable for the other four clubs. This club namely being **Stony Mountain Village**. The village team is made up from players of junior and juvenile age, with plenty of desire, and hockey savvy. These kids as we fondly refer to them are expected to give the high flying **Raiders** and **Royals** a real battle for the league title. Up to the present time, the **Raiders** are the only ones to put the skids under them for their only loss, in the two clubs initial meeting. Space does not permit a full breakdown of all the games played to date, but a condensed account of the standings, leading scorers, goalkeepers averages, and highlights from the games played as compiled by E. B. Adamson, are as follows;

Statistics as of February 11th. 1961.

TEAM STANDINGS.

TEAM	P.	W.	L.	T.	PTS.
RAIDERS	8	6	1	1	13
ROYALS	8	5	2	0	10
VILLAGE	6	4	2	0	8
LEAFS	7	2	5	0	4
MONARCHS	9	1	7	1	3

LEADING SCORERS.

PLAYER	TEAM	G.	A.	PTS.
Marks	Leafs	9	9	18
Sinden	Raiders	11	6	17
Parker	Leafs	9	8	17
Crawley	Royals	7	7	14
Savage	Royals	9	4	13
Simoneau	Monarchs	8	5	13

GOALKEEPERS AVERAGES

PLAYER	TEAM	G.P.	G.A.	G.F.	AVERAGE
Campbell	Village	6	9	17	1.50
Miller	Raiders	8	23	33	2.88
Fero	Royals	8	24	31	3.00
Girdle	Monarchs	9	38	21	4.25
Marrese	Leafs	7	37	29	5.26

GAME HIGHLIGHTS

Led by the fabulous playmaking of their captain Butch Crawley, and the great goaltending of Moe Fero, the up and coming Royals handed the unbeaten Raiders their first loss of the season. This game was watched by many and was considered the finest one played this year.

Once again the high flying Raiders came into their own to cop a 6-4 decision over their visiting rivals. Big gun, Les. Sinden, Joe Hayden, John McGee, Irish Gilhouly, Bill Smith, and Co. gave coach Jim Reiley something to smile about. Skating to a comfortable 3 goal lead, the Raiders then sat back and played kitty bar the door in front of their goalkeeper Dreamy Miller.

John Popowich, and captain Gene Simoneau each collected hat tricks for a well deserved victory over the Leafs. This time it was the combined efforts of goalie Tom Girdle and defensive plays by Spike Watcher who held the goal hungry Leafs at bay. Clare Parker, Moe Marks, and Co. played their hearts out in a losing cause

BASKETBALL

Tom Girdle

With the coming of the new year, the second half of SMP's Basketball Schedule began with many changes. The four coaches picked new teams and attempted to equalize the teams in the league. With "Gunner" Ducharme taking over the coaching chores of the Lakers, Montgomery the Shamrocks and Dale Leibrecht the Hawks, Magoo was left as the only coach from the first half.

Magoo and his Celtics, playing a much improved brand of ball, started slowly, but by the end of January were picked by the bystanders as the team to beat. Dale's Hawks, with many of his big guns also playing hockey, managed to stay close and could surprise in the playoffs. Gunner's Lakers still led by their high scoring forward line, lack consistency in the guards, and are picked as also rans. Monty's Shamrocks, troubled earlier in the season, still could overtake the leaders, as the team is presently led by high-scoring Camille Lombaert.

STANDINGS

TEAMS	P.	W.	L.	T.	PTS.
Celtics	12	8	4	0	16
Hawks	12	6	5	1	13
Lakers	12	5	6	1	11
Shamrocks	12	3	9	0	6

LEADING SCORERS

PLAYER	TEAM	G.P.	PTS.	AVE
Girdle	Celtics	10	251	25.1
Ducharme	Lakers	12	187	15.6
Hayden	Hawks	12	169	14.1
Hackenschmidt	Celtics	12	156	13.0
Sinden	Shamrocks	12	145	12.1

Stony Mountain Echoes - 86. St. Paul's College - 48

On Sunday, January 29th, the S. M. P. Echoes played host to a team from St. Paul's College in downtown Winnipeg. The Echoes, using their experience to the best advantage, overwhelmed the young high school team to the tune of 86-48. Utilizing a fast break, with the Gunner on the receiving end, the Echoes rolled to a 42-23 half-time lead and coasted in with the victory. Ducharme with 32, Girdle with 22 and Cahoon with 12 were tops for the Echoes. Young Peter Wallace with 22 points played an outstanding game in leading St. Paul's.

C.P.A.C. Falcons - 69. Stony Mountain Echoes - 54

On the 11th. of February, C.P.A.C. Falcons, leaders in the fast Junior circuit downtown, came to S.M.P. and gave the Echoes a lesson in top-flight basketball in the first-half, jumping to a 35-17 lead. They must have been good teachers, as the Echoes outscored them 37-34 in the second half, but bowed 69-54. Led by their superior height which controlled both backboards, the Falcons used 6-4 Kenneth Neiman and 6-3 Don Carbert to the best advantage in the post position and quickly established their superiority. Carbert with 20, Martel with 12 and Graham with 10 led the Falcons. Girdle with 16 and Leibrecht with 13 led the Echoes. The Echoes hope to have a return match with the Falcons in the near future.

Stony Mountain Echoes - 52, St. Paul's College, Univ. of Man. - 33.

Sunday February 19th., the Echoes played the Intra-Mural team from the University of Manitoba-St. Paul's College and came out with a lucky 52-22 win, despite playing their poorest game of the year. Time and time again the team missed easy lay-ups and were fortunate to be meeting a team with only five men who were sadly out of condition. Cahoon with 18, Ducharme with 15 Girdle with 12 led the Echoes. Senicki with 22 points was the only outstanding St. Paul's player,

CURLING

D.A.W

Pick it up 'Sweep' Sweep'; What's happening? Why it's Scottish Billiards (curling to you my friend).

Weather conditions were ideal, the three sheets of ice were in top shape, and the curlers were raring to go. To open the late season, and when no one was around the curling "*comisy*" "*Cold Fingers*" **Chip Watkins** threw the first rock. Someone of course neglected to tell him that you must let go of the handle. After the blood was scraped from the ice, curling got under way.

This reporter viewed the situation with interest, and found, that outside curling was tough, especially when you have below zero weather. This of course doesn't seem to faze some of the curlers, who are more than enthusiastic and take a great deal of interest in their curling. Those that have not curled before, are realizing that this is truly a game of skill and sportsmanship, and are trying their best to learn the finer points of curling.

In quizzing the "*Comish*" he gave me a general outline as to the curling setup here. There are 12 teams in the league, playing on alternate nights, and the schedule will last for 22 days. Then the top eight teams will vie for first, second, and third spots, with the remaining 4 teams playing for the consolation. If the weather still holds up, the season will close with a bonspiel.

It is much too early in the season to tell you who the top teams will be, but in the next issue we will give you a complete coverage of standings and other curling news.

On Sunday Feb. 5th. two visiting teams came down to the club, and walked out with a pair of wins. **Dr. Campbell** our oral rearmament specialist, and noted curler, defeated the rink of **Hall, Allan, Unrow,** and **Skip Lahoski** 10-9. Also **Mr. Elliot**, our Canteen Officer defeated the rink of **Hughes, Umphries, Dorion,** and **Skip Houle**, by a resounding 16-4 pasting. But as the boys say "*next time*"

Before it is forgotten the "*Comish*" along with the curlers, wish to give a big vote of thanks to **Hall, Lahoski, Allan, Mallock, London,** and the rest of the fellows who, in varying degrees of weather, worked hard and long, in preparing the ice and keeping it in top playing shape. For you gentlemen a big bouquet of new curling rocks and brooms. So until next month keep your end up.

X

GUNMAN

ON

TRIAL

Tony Trobec

Don't plead for mercy or beg for your life,

For your better off dead then away from your wife;

Why be a zombie and walk here alone,

Surrounded by steel and high walls of stone.

Your thoughts always with her each night and each day,

While slowly but surely lifes ebbing away!

No matter if death does seem rather hard,

You asked for this hand so take every card.

You've bet all your chips so stick with the game,

Die like a man though it is a shame.

Your life was just starting but now it is done,

You fell by the wayside because you carried a gun!

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